l: Raswan T-3 (1913-35) 1947 MD4 Rwala MD4

643 669 virtual dictator of Arabia, to whom the world to-day accords its sincere admiration.

At the time of which I speak, however—in 1912—
622 619 721 Nauaf, the son of Nuri Sha'lan, was at war against the hereditary enemy of the Ruala, the Shammar Bedouins and their ruler, Ibn Rashid, who held Jauf. The capture of that oasis was the objective of long and bitter fighting. Much blood was shed; every year took its long toll of human lives. Now, however, Nauaf had come close to his goal and soon Jauf actually fell into his hands.

114 Nauaf had three sons, amongst whom was the young Prince, Amir Fuaz; it is with him I would begin my tale. For to this child I owe the fact that I was privileged to live with the Ruala as one of them, that I was permitted to visit them eleven times in twenty-two years; that I wandered, hunted, and fought with them; that on horseback or camel-back, I crossed and recrossed their grazing-grounds year in and year out; that I was adopted into the tribe as a Rueyli chieftain; and that they knew and loved me as I knew and loved them.

856 868 Amir Fuaz was just eight years of age. Even so, he already had the reputation of being an adroit rider and a good shot, though his legs were yet rather short to grip the flanks of a mare and his arms to weak to balance a carbine for any length of time. "Wordly learning", as the Arabs call reading and writing, held no interest for him. He preferred to go camel-riding with me or to join
777 in the hunt. His mother, Misha'il, who had gone blind, proudly related to me that it was an omen of good for the future that Nuri Sha'lan had laid the halter of his war-mare and a silver *khanjar* in the boy's cradle. The